

General John Wilder's three-story Cloudland Hotel atop Roan Mountain was considered one of the world's top tourist attractions. It was erected in the late 1800's, and succumbed to

the mountain's harsh elements shortly after the turn of the century. Roan High Knob is to the right of the photo.



TOP OF ROAN MOUNTAIN, HIGHEST HABITATION EAST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

MACGOWAN & COOKS, PRINT, CHATTANOOGA.

WE ARE STANDING ON THE TIP TOP OF ROAN MOUNTAIN, 6,394 FEET ABOVE THE SEA LEVEL, AND WE ARE LOOKING DOWN ON THE RATES, \$3.00 PER DAY, \$12.00 TO \$15.00 PER WEEK, \$45.00 TO \$48.00 PER MONTH OF FOUR WEEKS, AND THEY SEEM TO US VERY LOW. DON'T YOU THINK WE ARE RIGHT?

SPECIAL NOTICE . .



A FIRST-CLASS SYSTEM OF CLOSETS AND LAVATORIES HAS BEEN PUT IN THE HOTEL BUILDING, MAKING THE HOTEL EQUAL IN THIS RESPECT TO THE BEST.

THE STAGE ROAD FROM ROAN MOUNTAIN STATION HAS BEEN PUT IN FIRST-CLASS CONDITION, AND THE HACKS HAVE BEEN THOROUGHLY OVERHAULED AND MADE COMFORTABLE

THE TABLE AND SERVICE WILL BE MUCH IMPROVED OVER ANY PREVIOUS SEASON.

A COMFORTABLE CLUB ROOM HAS BEEN PROVIDED FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF GENTLEMEN.



A CLOUD VIEW FROM HOTEL.

SEASON OF 1892.

—CLOUDLAND—

Is a large and well-built hotel, newly furnished, with ample parlors and verandas. It stands on top of a high summit of Roan Mountain, on the State line between North Carolina and Tennessee, in the counties of Mitchell, N. C., and Carter, Tenn. The State line runs through the hotel.

The hotel has accommodations for from four to five hundred guests. The rooms are all "outside rooms," and from all are magnificent views. The great white building can be seen over 100 miles in any direction, and commands a vast expanse.—

To the West 185 miles.

To the North, across the broad Valley of East Tennessee, 150 miles into Kentucky.

To the Northeast, 150 miles into West Virginia.

To the East-northeast, 150 miles into old Virginia.

To the East, 150 miles into the lowlands of Eastern North Carolina.

To the South, 110 miles, over the Blue Ridge, across North Carolina into South Carolina.

To the Southwest, 150 miles, into the Northeast corner of Georgia.

To the West-southwest, 160 miles, over the mountain ranges of Western North Carolina.

In all, including an area of over 60,000 square miles of the most varied and picturesque scenery in any country in the world—the veritable “Switzerland of America.” There are over 100 mountain tops in sight below, that are more than 1,000 feet high. The view reaches into seven different States. Thunder clouds sweep by far below along the great valleys. The flying clouds, riven by red lightning, whose angry flashes cleave black seams through the white cloud seas; the deep-toned distant thunder rolls with mellow sound around the mountains, reverberated and echoed by the high peaks of Mitchell, the Grandfather, the Unakas, and the high Roan, and dies grumbling in the great valleys between. The murmuring cascades dance down the steep sides of the mountain, adding music to the grand scene; the setting sun slowly lingering in the glowing west, sheds its softened tints over the darkening valleys, and the cool night creeps up the blue mountains as the twinkling stars come out in myriads, completely filling and frescoing the azure dome of heav-

en's blue vault. All combine to make better citizens, more earnest Christians, and broader humanitarians of the silent, wondering groups, who from window, porch and high peak, drink in the glorious view, deeply engraved on mind and heart, never to be elsewhere excelled, never to be forgotten. Eloquence, poetry and romance, all fail to give more than scant outline to this wonderful scene: too great for description, too lovely to paint, it can only be realized by actual presence.

The cool walks through the natural prairie park, hundreds of acres in extent, over carpets of flowers and mossy beds, under the fragrant balsams, whose weird forms and giant arms are always clothed in deepest green: the broad acres of lovely red rhododendrons, flowering in greatest profusion; the beautiful flame-colored azaleas; the modest and rare Gray's lily; the soft clumps of mountain heather; the broad beds of blue "forget-me-nots"; the green carpet of rich wild grasses; the clambering and winding over the lichen-covered cliffs; the trout pond; the soaring eagles; the cool, sparkling springs; the buoyant, balmy, bracing air—all add interest, appetite, vigor and zest to the visitors, and make them forget the heat, dust, annoying insects, drought, and discomforts of the lowlands, the malaria of the river valleys, and the thousand plagues that accompany the American summer in either city or country.

Here is rest—deep, cool rest; here nature asserts herself in being natural still. These towering mountains, placed in the center of the country east of the Mississippi, contain more health and comfort than any spot on earth. The summer climate an average temperature of sixty degrees, the cold spring water only thirteen degrees above freezing; the stimulating air; the accessibility of the place; the comfortable hotel, with its good wholesome fare and moderate prices, will surely combine to make this the most popular summer resort of the continent. The Southern railroad managers, appreciating the natural advantages of the situation, have put excursion tickets on sale at all their offices, and give the lowest rate practicable to this summer home.

“Roan Mountain,” says Dr. Asa Gray, the celebrated botanist of Harvard College, “is the most accessible and beautiful mountain east of the Rockies,” a paradise for a student or an invalid. Within a few miles are the most extensive mica mines known, many of which were worked by some pre-historic race long before the discovery of America by Columbus.

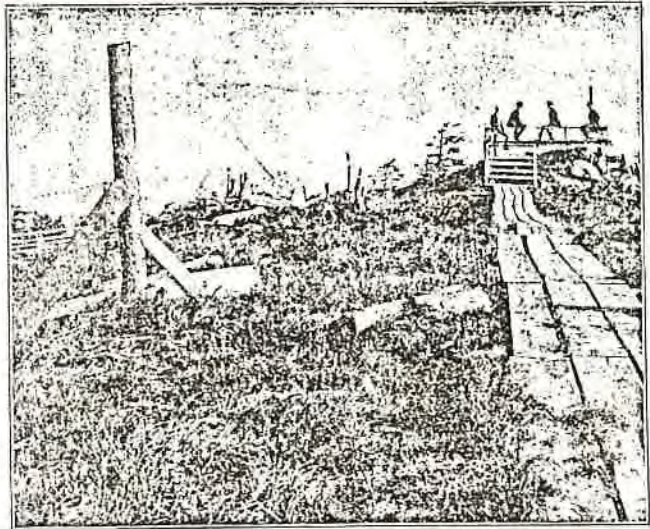
The rocks of Roan Mountain are “Laurentian,” the oldest known to science.

The plants are sub-Alpine, rare and curious. The top and sides of the mountain contain flora of a very wide range, extending from Hudson Bay to Wilmington, N. C. It is visited yearly by many scientists, who come to see and study its interesting

productions. The great beds of magnetic iron ore now worked at the Cranberry mines are at the mountain foot, while the numerous beautiful and varied crystals found in the mica mines are fine and rare.

The clear bounding brooks are fairly well supplied with speckled brook trout; while Elk Falls, the Cascades of Crab-Tree Creek, with visits to the Big Bald, Grandfather, Unaka, and Mt. Mitchell, are all interesting points for summer rambles in the surrounding country.

Visitors should not forget that warm clothing is necessary for comfort during the summer, as the days, though pleasant, are cool, and fires are needed at night. No thin clothing is ever used on the mountain, as the temperature averages 60° through the summer months, and never goes above 74° nor below 50°. Warm shawls and light overcoats are worn out doors, while rubber wraps and heavy shoes are indispensable on long trips. Remember that here is a summer climate of early spring, and the coolest, evenest temperature known anywhere in this altitude. Troublesome insects and poisonous snakes are never seen on this mountain. The atmosphere is perfectly pure, and as a health resort there can be no location more desirable. Consumption is unknown, and malaria finds no refuge among these mountains, and every case of Hay-fever has been relieved at once upon arriving at the mountain top.



SUNSET OBSERVATORY

HAY FEVER.

[Extracts from the report of Daniel F. Wright, M. D., to the State Board of Health of Tennessee.]

My commission from the Executive Committee of the State Board of Health specified as the objects of investigation the influence of the climate in the region specified on health and disease, and especially on the annually recurrent catarrh, popularly styled "hay-fever." The point selected was the summit of Roan Mountain, on which a large hotel has recently been erected as a summer resort. This spot may on several grounds be considered typical of the region in question, possessing, as it does, most of the characteristics in a very marked degree.

METEOROLOGY.—The summer temperature registered is very low, as compared with that of lower altitudes in the same latitude. Thus, during the period recorded in this report, from July 18 to September 11, 1885, the highest reported temperature is, in July, 68 degrees F.; in August 70, and in September 61. The average day temperature is, for July, 60.34; for August, 58.32; for September, 59.91. As the night temperature is not recorded, I can only say that on some few occasions when I obtained

it myself the difference between the day and night temperature was very small—seldom more than three or four degrees.

The following is a brief account of some of the cases of which I became cognizant at Cloudland:

W. F. Campbell, of New Orleans, experienced immediate and great relief from Heart Disease and Asthma.

Hon. H. H. Lurton, of Nashville, Tenn., has had hay-fever since 1875. He was immediately relieved as he reached the upper limit of the corn-fields, and has been entirely well since his arrival at Cloudland Hotel.

Hon. J. R. Morgan, of Memphis, Tenn., first visited Cloudland in 1884; was instantly relieved. He has had hay-fever every summer since 1863.

Mrs. M. Tulock, of Washington, D. C., has had hay-fever a number of years, but is entirely exempt this year at Cloudland.

Warren Dickinson, of Chattanooga, Tenn., has had hay-fever since he was six months old. He has been on Roan Mountain three summers, with perfect exemption.

Hon. T. J. Latham, of Memphis, Tenn., has had hay-fever since 1877, but is perfectly exempt from it at Cloudland.

Mrs. R. Fouche, of Rome, Ga., had hay-fever, and has visited Roan Mountain three years with entire relief.

Mrs. C. R. R. Young, Carrolton, Miss., has had hay-fever since 1873, and has visited Roan Mountain three summers with complete relief.

Mrs. S. G. Chopin, of New Orleans, La., has had hay-fever since 1879, and has visited Cloudland three summers with complete relief.

Mrs. Dr. Baird, of Nashville, Tenn., has had hay-fever since 1878, and has passed two summers on Roan Mountain with entire immunity from the disease.

J. C. Stamps, of Rogersville, Tenn., has hay-fever, and visits Cloudland every year with complete relief.

D. M. Kersey, Esq., of Franklin, Tenn., finds complete relief from hay-fever on Roan Mountain; has had the disease since 1886.

Mrs. Mary Cary, of Indianapolis, Ind., has had hay-fever since in 1879, and finds entire relief at Cloudland.

I have thus endeavored to solve the problem proposed to me, viz.: The availability of Roan Mountain as a place of resort for persons afflicted with autumnal catarrh. Moreover, having given these reasons for inferring that it would exert a favorable influence upon the disease, I have also given the facts to show that it has done so,

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

Cloudland has effected some wonderful cures in cases of gout and rheumatism and never fails to give relief in these distressing maladies.

Major W. S. Campbell, formerly of New Orleans, now of Johnson City, Tenn., had been a great sufferer from a complication of gout, rheumatism and dropsy, and came to Cloudland in 1885, as a last desperate resort, and with little hope. He experienced immediate relief, and after spending the season felt well and strong. Major Campbell has since spent several seasons at Cloudland, but says he comes now for pleasure, and not because his health requires it.



GROUP ON LYON'S BLUFF.

**HOW TO GET
THERE.**

Go via E. T., V. & G. R. R. to Johnson City, East Tennessee; then take the East Tennessee and Western North Carolina R. R., running through the wildest gorge of the Alleghanies, 26 miles to Roan Mountain Station, where there is a first-class hotel, under the management of D. B. Ragsdale; thence by the Roan Mountain Stage Line, in covered hacks, an interesting ride of 12 miles up Roan Mountain to **Cloudland Hotel**.

**AS A HEALTH
RESORT.**

Consumption is unknown and malaria finds no refuge among these mountains, and **Every Case of Hay Fever** has been relieved at once upon arriving at the mountain top.

AMUSEMENTS.

We have the finest and best equipped Bowling Alley in the South; Pool and Billiards. Good trout fishing within one and a half miles of each Hotel. A Good Livery Stable, where horses can be had for \$2.00 per day. Tennis Courts attached to both Hotels for pleasure of guests.

**POINTS OF
INTEREST.**

Colton's Cliff is but a short walk from the Hotel, and is one of the most beautiful and romantic spots on the Roan. Lyon's Bluff lies just one and a quarter miles west of the Hotel, and is visited by every one, on account of its many attractions. There the small boy amuses himself by throwing his hat over the Cliff to see it wafted back to him by an undercurrent of air. On this Bluff is the magnificent and perfect profile of the "Old Man of the Mountains." Just behind is the grand "Eagle's Cliff," a bluff 2,000 feet straight down, and from this point

you can get a beautiful view of the valley below and the Toe and Nolachucky Rivers winding their way through the Mountain gorges. Sun-Set Cliff is to the right of the Hotel, and from this point of Roan many go each evening to watch the sun sink to rest behind the Cumberlands. Sun-Rise Rock is to the left, 6,324 feet above the sea, and to witness the rising of the sun from this point is indescribably grand. Glen Cove Falls is four and a half miles from the Hotel, one of the grandest points on the Mountain, and many go to this beautiful spot to spend the day. The falls are 500 feet high. Little Roan, Ding-De-Del Spring, etc., are interesting points to visitors.

AVERAGE TEM- In July, August and September is 60 degrees, making the most perfect summer
PERATURE climate in the United States. An eminent physician will be at the Hotel during the whole season. A Good String Band has been engaged, and will be in attendance during the season. Dancing is one of the delightful pastimes at this great resort, and is enjoyed by all. First-class cooks have been engaged, and a first-class table will be kept. Several springs of mineral water are within a few minutes walk of the Hotel. The large spring, from which the Hotel is furnished, is charged heavily with electricity, and registers 13 degrees above freezing point. All the springs have excellent medicinal properties.

PARTICULARS. Roan Mountain Hotel open June 18th.
Cloudland Hotel open for the reception of guests, June 28th.

Rhododendrons, azaleas, heather and houstonias bloom from June 23d to July 10th. Most magnificent cloud views in September and October.

RATES OF BOARD.— Per day, \$3.00; per week, \$12.00 to \$15.00; \$45.00 and \$48.00 per month of four weeks. Children under 7 years in children's ordinary half rate. If occupying seats in dining room, three-fourths rate. **Special**— Children occupying seats at first table, full rates. White servants, three-fourths rate. Colored servants, in colored servants' quarters, one-half rate.

HACK RATES ON BAGGAGE.— \$1.00 per 100 pounds or less, each way; hand baggage free; hack fare \$2.00 each way.

Rooms neatly and comfortably furnished; spring mattresses on all beds; halls and floors carpeted; the Hotel is comfortably heated by steam.

EXCURSION RATES.— Excursion tickets on sale to Roan Mountain Station, Tenn., in all the principal cities. Parties from Nashville can secure excursion rates via the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis R. R. to Chattanooga, and thence via the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia R. R. to Roan Mountain Station. Daily Mail, Telegraph and Hack Line.

For any further information, address

Until June 20th, Chattanooga, Tenn.
After June 20th, Cloudland, Mitchell Co., N. C.

W. E. RAGSDALE, Proprietor,
CLOUDLAND, MITCHELL CO., N. C.

CLOUDLAND, N. C.

ABOVE THE SEA LEVEL.....	6,394 FEET
ABOVE ANY HOTEL ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.....	4,900 "
ABOVE ASHEVILLE, N. C.,.....	4,644 "
ABOVE JOHNSON CITY, TENN.,.....	5,050 "
ABOVE HOT SPRINGS, N. C.,.....	5,194 "
ABOVE MT. WASHINGTON, N. H.,.....	200 "
ABOVE DENVER, COL.,.....	1,200 "
ABOVE WHITE CLIFF, TENN.,.....	4,694 "
ABOVE BEERSHEBA SPRINGS.....	4,700 "
ABOVE MONTEAGLE, TENN.,.....	4,600 "
ABOVE KNOXVILLE, TENN.,.....	5,400 "
ABOVE CHATTANOOGA, TENN.,.....	5,700 "
ABOVE OLIVER SPRINGS.....	5,400 "
ABOVE TATE SPRINGS,.....	5,144 "
ABOVE CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE, NEW YORK.....	4,400 "



Cloudland Hotel... Only Memories Remain

A few crumbling foundation stones of the old Cloudland Hotel and cherished photographs owned by families of former guests are the only visible evidence of Roan Mountain's colorful history as a summer resort of the Gay Nineties.

In 1877 General Thomas Wilder, a former Union Army general, who came back to the Southern Appalachians after the Civil War built

a 20-room log lodge on the top of Roan Mountain, and in 1885 he replaced it with the 166-room Cloudland Hotel. The Cloudland soon became famous as a luxury resort visited by people from all over the country. Guests arrived by stagecoach and carriages which made regular eight-hour trips over a steep, narrow trail. Once at Cloudland they stayed for several weeks or

the entire summer. For some 25 years the hotel flourished. The state line ran through through the center of the big dining room and was marked on its polished maple floor.

The Cloudland attracted its share of "gentlemen with plate cameras and young ladies of fashion in bustles and flounces" from the flatlands.

Times changed, although the mountain remained the same. In 1915 the three-story frame Cloudland Hotel was razed. Possession of the land remained with the Wilder heirs who sold it to the government after several years of negotiations. However, the stories about Cloudland remain to this day...just as the mountain does.

UNCLE RUBE MOSLEY SPINS A YARN

Uncle Rube helped create, build Cloudland. M.E. Sheppard tells Uncle Rube's story in his book CABINS IN THE LAUREL.

"I was always used to workin' a gang of men and I could handle 'em," he says. "Agin the hotel opening, General John Wilder, that owned most all the land, gave me a bunch of hands to build a good six miles of hack line from Burbank. I help build that road and fell the timber, too, to build the Cloudland Hotel that set atop the mountain. I stayed up there ten years in all.

When the road was done I stayed around and cut spruce logs. Hit was too thickety to afford to use a saw. We had axes. By Christmas that year we had 100,000 foot of lumber on the stick. I was a strong man in those days. Many's a time I've said, 'Let's help the teamsters out, boys,' — when we'd be going in for dinner, and then picked up a ten-foot log and walked off with it.

Nights I'd lie in the camp bed hearin' the wolves howl. I never knew of more'n one or two bears on the Roan, but there was plenty over across on Yellow Mountain and on Humpback. We pretty well broke up the wolf pack. Hit was the little blue ones. I recollect Uncle Ad

Buchanan runnin' on a den about a mile north of the camp. He killed the old dog on the spot and took five puppies alive. The female wasn't there, but we got her close to the road on the Tennessee side. I took one of the puppies down to Roan Mountain station and sold it to Huse Merridy. He kept it three years tied to his front gate. Days hit was gentle, but nights you didn't want to trifle with it. They learnt it that way for a watch dog. Dave Correll got another one of 'em and I've seen hit nurse his wife's breasts. Hit grew up as gentle as you could ask. Sometimes, we'd fish in a cove with our hands, in a good place we knew, where water backed

up to a big rock and there was lots of fish. That little wolf would stand on the bank lookin's so hopeful...we'd throw him one every now and then, and you ought to see him catch 'em in his mouth."

Well, Uncle Mosley is referring to a time in the 1870s, and Cloudland Hotel was founded in both mystery and natural circumstances.

Aside from the lonely and difficult efforts exerted in building Cloudland, there swirled afterwards curious tales of the memories of folks "caught" on Roan Mountain.

THE ROAN CHOIR

After its establishment and popularity, there followed odd rumors of unearthly noises that, through the thick fogs, plagued the guests at Cloudland. Sometimes during a thunderstorm or at dawn or twilight, rainbows and choirs were apt to appear.

There was a man, a John Strother, member of a surveying commission back in 1799, who kept a diary. He once recorded of Roan Mountain, "There is no shrubbery growing on the tops of this mountain for several miles, and the wind has such power on top of this mountain that the ground is plowed in deep holes all over the northwest side."

He didn't mention or describe the ghostly choir...but the herdsmen knew of it, and so did

Col. John Wilder, who had advertised that his guests at the Cloudland Hotel could have their meals in Tennessee and sleep in North Carolina, without ever leaving his unique hotel.

Col. Wilder had long been familiar with the peculiarity of the humming music of Roan...he tossed the subject between residents of each of the two states bordering the Cloudland Hotel. An astute-older visitor, hearing the "choir" for the first time, likened it to the humming of thousands of bees.

The whole affair made the paper, initiated by a scientist who visited from Knoxville, Henry E. Colton. Colton published a treatise on the phenomenon in his hometown newspaper. Colton wrote that "several of the cattle tenders on the mountain and also General Wilder had spoken to us about what they called "Mountain

Music." One evening they said it was sounding loud, and Dr. D.P. Boynton of Knoxville, the Hon. J.M. Thornburg and myself accompanied General Wilder to the glen to hear it. The sound was very plain to the ear, but was not at all as described — like the humming of thousands of bees — but like the incessant continuous and combined snap of two Leyden jars positively and negatively charged.

I used every argument I could to persuade myself that it simply was a result of some common cause, and to shake the faith of the country people in its mysterious origin, but I only convinced myself that it was the result from two currents of air meeting each other in the suck between the two peaks where there was no

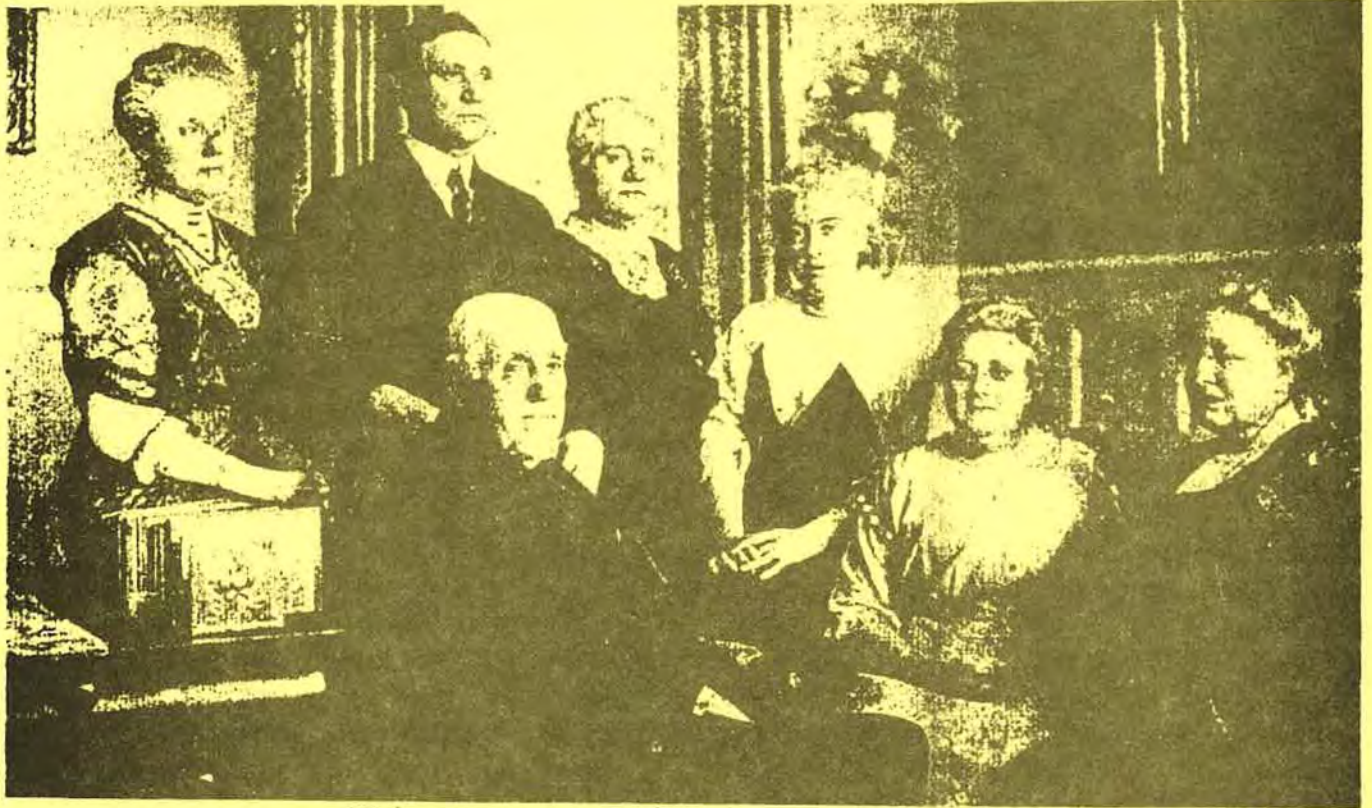
obstruction of trees, one containing a greater, the other a less amount of electricity...."

Well! Colton decided he had explained the curious choir. He elaborated still further of the possibilities accounting for Roan's Choir. Actually, Colton offered some plausible explanation all told...but he almost destroyed the delicate mystery!

And, so it was, despite Colton's theories, that the mountain residents preferred to speculate and question Roan Mountain and its choirs and halos.

If you choose a foggy windy day...if the time is right...you might just concede to the existence of Roan's choirs. Are they bees? Are they angels? As for the sometimes accompanying rainbow...is it really "God's Halo?"





GENERAL JOHN WILDER AND FAMILY—Pictured in their home when they lived in Roan Mountain before the beginning of the 20th Century. Left to right: John T. Wilder, Mrs. Annie Wilder Straton, Stuard Wilder, Mrs. Rachel Wilder Maber, Mrs. Edith Wilder Scott, Miss Martha Wilder and Miss Mary Wilder.

OLD WILDER HOME—The home was built by General Wilder in Roan Mountain in 1880. The structure has been remodeled and is now the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Graybeal.